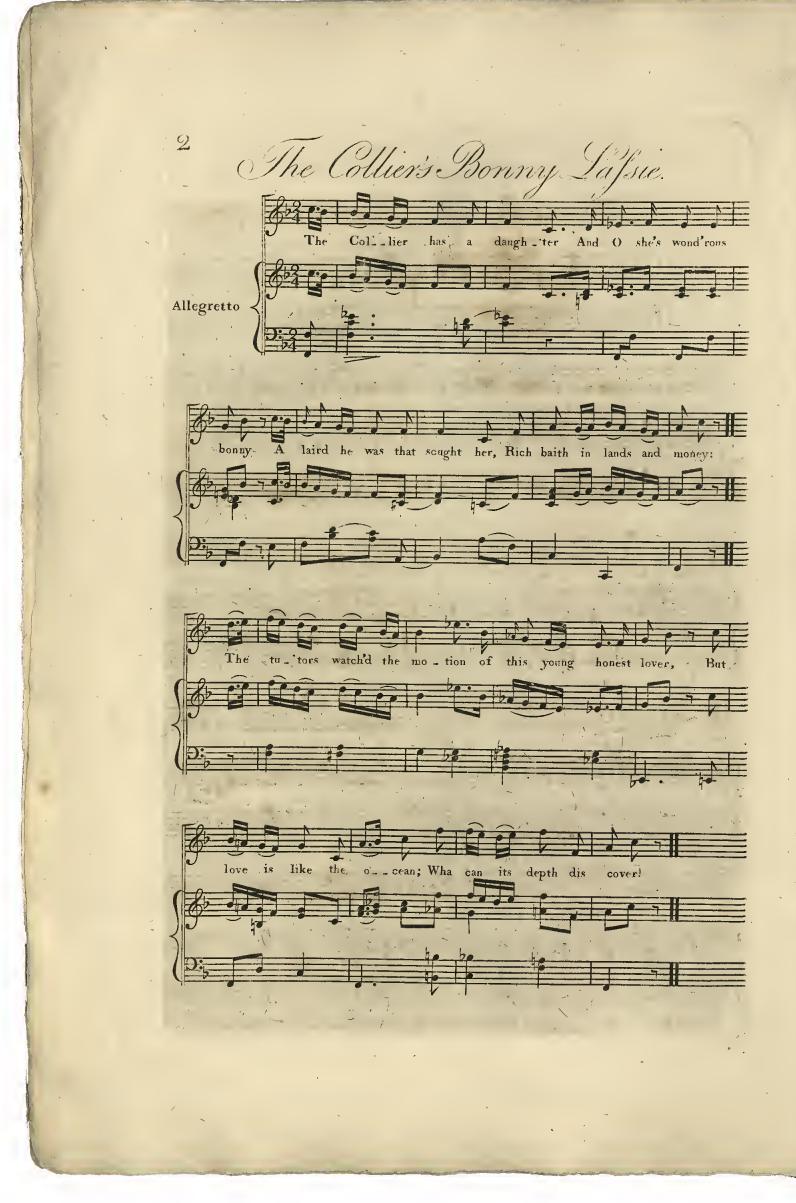


From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW



THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

THE Colher has a daughter,

And O she's wond'rous bonny!

A laird he was that sought her,

Rich baith in lands and money:

The tutors watch'd the motion

Of this young honest lover;

But love is like the ocean,

Wha can its depths discover!

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The Collier's bonny lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lily,
Ay sweet and never saucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willy.

He lov'd beyond expression

The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession,

His life was dull without her.

After mature resolving,

Close to his breast he held her,
In saftest flames dissolving,

He tenderly thus tell'd her:

- "My bonny Collier's daughter,
 "Let naething discompose ye:
- "Tis nae your scanty tocher.
- "Shall ever gar me lose ye;
- "For I have gear in plenty, "
 - " And love says 'tis my duty
- "To ware what heav'n has lent me,
 "Upon your youth and beauty."